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CITY OF TIMBUCTOO.

CITY OF TIMBUCTOO, IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

FROM the frequent mention of Timbuctoo in the records of recent discovery, it may be presumed that the accompanying view will be acceptable to every reader of laudable curiosity. It is copied from M. Caillié's Journal of Travels, a translation of which has just appeared in this country. Caillié, it appears, was stimulated to his great enterprise by the programme of the Geographical Society of Paris requiring accurate particulars respecting Timbuctoo, by way of Senegambia. This has been accomplished by M. Caillié, and upon the authority of the Society's Report, we learn that "It is now certain that four or five months are sufficient for a traveller to arrive in Europe from Timbuctoo."

With this general result the reader will probably rest satisfied, to enable us to proceed to Caillié's description of the city. His exact route can only be understood by reference to the charts which accompany his "Travels," since to name places which are only there recorded, would rather tend to perplex than explain. In his journal, the several routes are illustrated very copiously.*

We proceed, therefore, to such extracts from Caillié's Journal, as describe the annexed view of Timbuctoo.

"At length we arrived safely at Timbuctoo, just as the sun was touching the horizon. I now saw this capital of the Soudan, to reach which had so long been the object of my wishes. I had formed a totally different idea of the grandeur and wealth of Timbuctoo. The city presented, at first view, nothing but a mass of ill-looking houses, built of earth. Nothing was to be seen in all directions but immense plains of quicksand of a yellowish white colour. The sky was a pale red, as far as the horizon: all nature wore a dreary aspect, and the most profound silence prevailed; not even the warbling of a bird was to be heard. Still, though I cannot account for the impression, there was something imposing in the aspect of a great city,

* The extent of Caillié's Journey is stated at 15,000 leagues, a thousand of which were through countries almost unknown.

In the Appendix to Caillié's Travels is a list of twenty-five Englishmen, fourteen Frenchmen, two Americans, and one German, who have made efforts during the last two and a half centuries to explore the Interior of Africa. The following reached Timbuctoo:—In 1670, Paul Imbert, by way of Morocco; in 1810, Robert Adams, the western coast of Africa; in 1827, Major Laing, by way of Tripoli; and in 1827-8, Caillié, by way of Senegambia. Laing was murdered near Timbuctoo, and in Caillié's Chart, the site of the camp where this atrocity was perpetrated, is distinctly pointed out.

raised in the midst of sands, and the difficulties surmounted by its founders cannot fail to excite admiration.

"I took up my abode with Sidi-Abdallahi, who received me in the most friendly manner.

"After bidding my host good night, I went to repose upon a mat which was spread upon the ground in my new lodging. At Timbuctoo the nights are as hot as the days, and I could get no rest in the chamber which had been prepared for me. I removed to the court adjoining the house, but still found it impossible to sleep. The heat was oppressive; not a breath of air freshened the atmosphere. In the whole course of my travels I never found myself more uncomfortable.

"On the morning of the 21st of April, I went to pay my respects to my host, who received me with affability; afterwards I took a turn round the city. I found it neither so large nor so populous as I had expected. Its commerce is not so considerable as fame has reported. There was not as at Jenné, a concourse of strangers from all parts of the Soudan. I saw in the streets of Timbuctoo only the camels, which had arrived from Cabra laden with the merchandize of the flotilla, a few groups of the inhabitants sitting on mats, conversing together, and Moors lying asleep in the shade before their doors. In a word, every thing had a dull appearance.

"At Timbuctoo, it is very unusual to see any other merchandize except what is brought by the vessels and a few articles from Europe, such as glass wares, amber, coral, sulphur, paper, &c.

"The city of Timbuctoo is principally inhabited by negroes of the Kissoor nation. Many Moors also reside there. They are engaged in trade, and, like Europeans, who repair to the colonies in the hope of making their fortunes, they usually return to their own country to enjoy the fruits of their industry.

"The city of Timbuctoo forms a sort of triangle, measuring about three miles in circuit. The houses are large, but not high, consisting entirely of a ground-floor. In some, a sort of little closet is constructed above the entrance. They are built of bricks of a round form, rolled in the hands and baked in the sun. The walls, except as far as regards their height, resemble those of Jenné.

"The streets of Timbuctoo are clean, and sufficiently wide to permit three horsemen to pass abreast. Both within and without the town there are many straw huts, of a circular form, like those of the pastoral Foulahs. They serve as

dwellings for the poor, and for the slaves who sell merchandize for their masters.

"Timbuctoo contains seven mosques, two of which are large; each is surmounted by a brick tower.

"This mysterious city, which has been an object of curiosity for so many ages, and of whose population, civilization, and trade with the Soudan, such exaggerated notions have prevailed, is situated in an immense plain of white sand, having no vegetation but stunted trees and shrubs, which grow no higher than three or four feet. The city is not closed by any barrier, and may be entered on any side. Within the town are seen some of the *balanitis aegyptiaca*, and in the centre is a palm tree.

"Timbuctoo may contain at most about ten or twelve thousand inhabitants; all are engaged in trade. The population is at times augmented by the Arabs, who come with the caravans, and remain awhile in the city. In the plain several species of grass and thistles afford food for the camels. Fire-wood is very scarce, being all brought from the neighbourhood of Cabra. It is an article of trade, and the women sell it in the market-place: it is only burnt by the rich; the poor use camel-dung for fuel. Water is also sold in the market-place; the women give a measure containing about half a pint for a cowrie.

"Timbuctoo, though one of the largest cities I have seen in Africa, possesses no other resources but its trade in salt, the soil being totally unfit for cultivation. The inhabitants procure from Jenné every thing requisite for the supply of their wants—such as millet, rice, vegetable butter, honey, cotton, Soudan cloth, preserved provisions, candles, soap, allspice, onions, dried fish, pistachios, &c.

"To the W. S. W. of the town there are large excavations, from thirty-five to forty feet deep: these are reservoirs, which are supplied by the rains. Hither the slaves resort to procure water for drink and cooking. This water is tolerably clear, but it has a disagreeable taste, and is very hot. These reservoirs have no covering whatever; the water is consequently exposed to the influence of the sun and the hot wind. The excavations are dug in loose sand.

"In the centre of the town is a kind of square, surrounded by circular huts. Here grow some *palmæ christi* and a palm-tree, the only one I saw in the country. In the middle of this square is a large hole, dug for a receptacle for filth. Two enormous heaps on the outside of the town appeared to me to be also collections of dirt or rubbish. Many

a time have I ascended to the tops of these hills, to obtain a complete view of the town, and to make my sketch.

"The house which was appropriated for my residence not being quite finished, I had an opportunity to observe the way in which the houses of this country are built. An excavation is made in the town itself to the depth of some feet, where a grey sand mixed with clay is found. This is made into bricks of a round form, which are baked in the sun. These bricks are similar to those used at Jenné. The young slaves carry them on their heads in calabashes, the way in which they also carry the mortar, which is formed from the same material. The builders, who are slaves, execute their work as cleverly as those at Jenné. I thought, indeed, that their walls were better constructed. Their doors are well made, and solid: they are formed of planks, joined with bars and nails brought from Tasslet. They fasten their doors by locks made in the country, without iron: even the keys are of wood. Some Moors use iron locks and keys, which they bring from the coasts of the Mediterranean. Locks are not used in the interior of the houses, but chains or bars supply their place. The roofs of the houses, none of which have more than the ground-floor, are, like those of the mosques, supported by rafters cut from the trunk of the *ronnier*, a tree which grows to a prodigious height on the banks of the river. I have seen some of these trees above a hundred and twenty-five feet high. The trunk is split into four quarters, which are rounded off, laid upon the walls, and then covered with pieces of wood, mats, and earth, like the roofs of the mosques.

"Each house forms a square, containing two inner courts, round which are ranged the chambers, each of which is of a narrow oblong form, and serves at once for a magazine and bed-room. These rooms receive light only from the door of entrance, and another very small door opening into the inner court. They have neither windows nor chimneys.

"I employed the remainder of the time I stayed in Timbuctoo in collecting information respecting the unfortunate death of Major Laing, which I had heard mentioned at Jenné, and which was confirmed by the inhabitants of Timbuctoo, whom I questioned respecting the melancholy event."

We are compelled to omit Caillié's description of the mosques, which are extremely interesting, to give place to the outline of his own dwelling; but we trust that sufficient has been quoted to

render the City of Timbuctoo, with the accompanying engraving, still more attractive than hitherto from the vague accounts which have reached us.

In the Number of the *Quarterly Review*, just published, we perceive that Caillie's work is attacked with much asperity, and many of the enterprising traveller's statements impugned. The reader need not take either for granted, but may "weigh and consider" for himself. We regret, however, to find that there is little doubt Major Laing's documents have been destroyed, or, if still in existence, that they will never see the light.

FIELD OF WATERLOO.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

PERMIT me to correct an error which appeared in a recent communication to your valuable and popular little work. In the sketch of "the Plains of Waterloo," the author says, the conical mound which is erected over the spot on which the Prince of Orange was wounded, is but 100 feet in height. I beg leave to state that it is 200 feet high, as also that it is the intention of the Belgian government to make an opening through that part of the Forest of Soignies, which lies between this mound and Brussels, in order that the Lion on its summit may be seen from that city. The village of Waterloo is nine miles from Brussels, and the Lion two miles beyond the village. It is about 150 yards from the high road leading from Brussels to Mons and Charleroi, and is situated between "La belle Alliance" and the monuments erected to the memory of Sir Alexander Gordon and the officers who fell of the German Legion; it is about three miles from the Prussian monument, two miles from Hougomont, and a mile from the nearest part of the Forest of Soignies.

The fact of my having resided for several years in the immediate vicinity of Brussels, with the frequency of my visits to these memorable plains, will corroborate the accuracy of this statement.

A CONSTANT READER.

PIPING BULLFINCHES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

PERHAPS a short history of the rearing, taming, teaching, and perfecting of these birds, previously to their being shipped for "this of all lands the best" England, will not be uninteresting to a portion of your numerous readers.

In the month of June the young ones, which are bred wild, are taken from their nests when about eight days old; they are brought up under the auspices of one man, who, by feeding and caressing them, becomes so much the object of their notice, as to be able to command and guide them at his will. They are attended to by him until they are about two months old, at which age they first begin to whistle; they then commence their exercises, and perhaps the strictest military discipline is not more arduous to the sergeant, or more oppressive to the men, than these exercises are to the bullfinch and teacher.

In receiving the first rudiments of their musical education, they are taught in classes of about six in number; they are naturally great mimics; the instrument by which they are taught is a barrel organ of a single diapason—it only plays the air—the birds before they make their first essay are comparatively starved; they are placed in a dark room round the organ, and the air is played slowly to them. A hungry mimic will always make the most of the gifts of nature; when the belly is empty (excuse the vulgarism) the wits are always upon the alert; children cry, dogs howl, and asses bray, always louder and oftener when they feel the "vulture in their jaws." It is just so with these little vocalists: they make a virtue of necessity; the moment they mimic the organ, the light is admitted into the room, and a little food is given to them; and this is repeated so often, and works upon them so mechanically, that the organ is to them a sure presage of their being fed.

When they have been drilled in this manner for about a month, their old feeder, who is called their "*Lehrer*," hands them over to boys, who are employed for the sole purpose of playing to them. Each boy takes a bird, and during these exercises or rather rehearsals, they are occasionally visited, and indeed always fed, by their old teacher, who, by various motions of the head and mouth, checks or encourages them in their piping, according to the degree of perfectibility with which they pipe: for instance, when they repeat a stave too often, he scowls, and blows upon them, and when they proceed correctly, he waves his head somewhat like a Chinese figure, or rather like a "Great Mogul," and testifies his approbation of their endeavours. They perfectly understand these motions, but by dint of perseverance on the part of the teacher and attention

and practice on theirs, acquire the habit of piping which never leaves them till their death.

It may easily be conceived (mimics even as they are) what a task it must be to teach them to pipe at all, much less with any perfection. According to Cuvier, there are in all singing birds five pairs of constrictor muscles—two anterior, two posterior, and two small longitudinal contractors, two oblique and two transverse; and in most birds which do not sing, there is in general only one pair. To digress, I am one of those who think that the intellects of men depend upon the conformation of the pineal gland, and the propositional and syllogistical canals of the brain, in the same manner that the vocal powers depend upon the construction of the larynx, or organ of voice—and this hypothesis applies even to piping bullfinches, and is confirmed by the fact, that though they may all have the same advantages (as far as teaching goes) and the same power of voice,* there are not above five out of a hundred that pipe correctly; be this, however, as it may, the difficulty must be great, even to teach those of the greatest capacity, and it can only be accomplished by the most unremitting exertions on the part of their "Lehrer;" it is not sheer mimicry—it is no inherent property—neither can it be "an essence" as Metaphysicians would say: they are taught, and they acquire piping in the same way that a whelp is taught to carry—a boy to behave himself—and a lawyer to be just—by castigation—by the severest lessons of experience, and by the stern and uncompromising authority of their teachers.

B. C—s.

AGES AND OTHER PARTICULARS OF THE EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS.

(For the Mirror.)

THE probability of life of the principal Sovereigns of Europe may be judged of from the following statement:—The oldest is Charles X. of France, who is 73 years of age, tall in person, and very hale and strong; he hunts and rides constantly, and is much in public. The Pope, Pius VIII. is 68, and in tolerable vigour. The church is usually considered favourable to longevity. The next is our gracious sovereign, George IV., who, is 67, and has long been a martyr to the gout, and is lately

said to have lost the sight of an eye. His majesty is of a naturally strong constitution, and from living carefully, enjoys, at present, tolerably good health. The rarity of his appearance in public arises from the debility left by the gout, which, as his majesty is unusually corpulent, renders walking a painful exertion. Bernadotte, King of Sweden, is 66, and has recently had a severe illness, but is a strong and healthy man. Felix, King of Sardinia, is 65; and Frederic VI. of Denmark, 62: both in good health.* William I. of the Netherlands is 58; he has the appearance of a weather-beaten soldier, as he is, and though subject to chronic complaints, is robust. Francis, Emperor of Austria is 52, and healthy. Francis, King of Naples is 51, and gouty. Mahmoud II. Sultan of Turkey, is 46, and possessed of great vigour of body and mind. The Turks, however, grow old prematurely, and Mahmoud may be therefore reckoned as 60 years old at least. His countenance and his eye, are particularly striking and impressive, and he is naturally a very superior man, having alone been the means of causing extraordinary changes in the Turkish system. Ferdinand VII., of Spain, is 45 years old, and has long been a prey to diseases, partly constitutional, and partly the effect of debauchery. He has the gout constantly, and is incapable of much active exertion; he has, however, lately married his third queen. His character is said to afford an unfavourable specimen of the Bourbon race. Louis, King of Bavaria, is in his 45th year, and has suffered from licentious pleasures, and is now recovering from an illness. Though his gallantry has been excessive, his merits as a sovereign and as a man of letters, are acknowledged to be very high, and he has been, perhaps justly, styled the most enlightened king in Europe. He passed many years in study, and his mind is of an enlarged and liberal cast. The publication of a volume of poems has recently obtained him much fame as an author, in addition to that derived from the wisdom of his government, and the longer he reigns the better for his country. Nicholas I. Emperor of Russia is 34, is tall and handsome in appearance, hardy, and active, and accustomed to laborious exertions. He has lately had a dangerous illness, from which he is now quite recovered. The youngest and only female sovereign is Donna Maria

* The organ of voice in birds is at the bifurcation of the trachea, and not in the larynx.

* Our correspondent has omitted Frederic William III., King of Prussia, in his 60th year.

da Gloria, the legitimate Queen of Portugal, (Don Miguel not having yet been recognised,) who is in her 13th year. She promises to be very beautiful, but her health is delicate, and she is so lame as to be obliged to use crutches. She is now at Rio Janeiro, with her father, the Emperor of Brazil. With the exception of the petty German and Italian States, the above will give a notion of the probability of the length of the reigns of the present European Sovereigns.

G. R.

Pine Arts.

PAINTED WINDOW

Of the Tournament of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

THIS is a superb specimen of the revived art of painting on glass. The size almost amounts to the stupendous, being 18 by 24 feet. The term "Window" is, however, hardly applicable, for there are no mullions or frame-work, but the whole picture consists of upwards of 350 pieces, of irregular forms and sizes, fitted into metal frame-work, which is so contrived as to accord with the shadows, and thus to assist the appearance of an uninterrupted and unique painting.

The subject is well chosen: it illustrates the gorgeous style of the English and French courts at one of the most splendid periods of their history; and is one of the most magnificent events in the annals of chivalric pageantry, besides being one of the last glories of chivalry in England. The very name of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" is of overwhelming richness, and its gay and sparkling incidents are well suited to the brilliant effect which is the peculiar characteristic of painting in enamel.

The Tournament, as is well known, took place between Guisnes and Ardres, near Calais; and few English tourists pass and repass these places without a faint recollection of their association with "the last days of chivalry." The whole affair was a matter of state policy between Henry VIII. and Francis I., in which Wolsey played his part with more than his wonted craft. The preparations were of the most magnificent character, and are somewhat attractively described in an "Historical Outline," to be obtained at the Exhibition Room; whence we quote a few of the circumstances more immediately preceding the subject of the Picture.

"On the day after the first meeting, the tournaments which were to be held in honour of this event commenced. A field had been prepared, round which

ditches were dug, and scaffolds erected for the spectators. At one end was set up, on a lofty artificial mount, a Hawthorn and a raspberry-bush, which were intended as the respective devices of the kings of England and of France. 'These two trees,' says Hall, 'were mixed one with the other on a high mountaigne, covered with grene damaske.' With these were intermixed artificial trees, with green damask leaves, and branches, boughs, and withered leaves of cloth of gold; the trunks and arms being also covered with cloth of gold, and intermingled with fruits and flowers in silver, and Venice gold, and 'their beautie shewed farre.' 'On the mountaigne was a place harber-wise, where the herauldes were; the mountaigne was rayled about, and the rayles covered with grene damaske.' A splendid camp, or pavilion, had been erected. 'On the right side of the field stood the queene of Englande, and the queene of Fraunce, with many ladies. The same camp was rayled and barred on every side strongly. There was two lodgyngs in the entry of the same fiele for the two kynge, richly adorned, which were unto them very necessarie, for therein they armed themselves, and toke their ease: also, in the same compasse were two greates sellers couched full of wyne, which was to all men as largess as the fountain.'

"On the mountain where the trees stood, the shields of the two kings were hung: 'the kynge of Englandes armes within a gartier, and the French kynge within a Collier of his order of Saint Michael, with a close croune, with a flower de lise in the toppe.' The shields of the noblemen were also hung above: the two kings, as brethren in arms, undertook to deliver all personages of the same feats, and the shields of such noblemen as answered the challenge were hung, by the king-at-arms, on the branches of the artificial trees.

"These sports, diversified occasionally with masquerades, dances, and banquets, occupied from the 11th to the 21st of June. The two queens interchanged visits, and spent many hours in dancing and other amusements. The kings paid visits to the queens of either nation. French and English knights were the only part of the chivalry of Europe who answered the challenge; for chivalry could not then, as in former days, smooth down personal heats and feuds; and, therefore, no subject of the wide extended empire of Charles V. appeared on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The only weapons used were spears; but they were impelled with such vigour, as

to be so often broken, that the spectator's eyes were scared with splinters.* Each day the challengers varied their harness and devices; and each day the two kings ran together so valiantly, that the beholders had great joy.†

"At length, the day (June 21) for the last tourney arrived. The two queens were seated in the magnificent pavilion, and next to the queen of England sat Wolsey. The judges were on stages with Roy Mon Joy, the herald of France, and Garter King-at-Arms for England, 'to make and write the dedes of noble-men.'

"The trumpets sounded, and the two kings and their retinues entered the field. Then came the Earl of Devonshire, cousin to Henry, 'and sixteen honourable persons in his bande all armed.' Then came Mons. de Fleurenges, and his retinue, with other nobles and their suites, on the part of Francis.

The two kings put down their vizors, and rode to the encounter valiantly; and the action of the picture is thus described by Hall:—

"The ii Kynges were ready, and either of them encountered one man of armes; the Frenche Kyng to the erle of Devonshire, the Kyng of England to Mounsire Florrenges and brake his Poldron and him disarmed, when ye strokes ware stricken, this battail was departed, and was much praised.'

Hall continues:—

"Then on went swordes, and doune went vizors, there was little abiding.' At length, 'the kynges roud about the felde as honour of armes required, and the heraldes cried *la fine des Turnages*, by the sayd two noble princes the XXI daie of June.'

"Such is but a rapid sketch of the most interesting details of the magnificence of the *Field of the Cloth of Gold*. Its chivalric and splendid incidents crowd many a page of the ancient chronicles. The reader will, however, perceive the artist to have adopted Hall's account of the interview, as that chronicler was present, and drew up his description of it by Henry's command. Another journal of the occurrence was drawn up by the order of Francis: this last was published by Montfaucon, together with a third narrative by the Marquis de Fleurenges."

The picture contains upwards of one hundred figures, of which forty are portraits. The armour of the two kings

and the challengers, the Earl of Devonshire and the Marquis de Fleurenges, is very successfully managed; and the costumes and heraldic devices have been accurately attended to. Among the spectators, the most striking portraits are the two Queens, Wolsey, Anne Boleyn, the Countess de Chateaubriant, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Queen Mary, Dowager of France; and the ill-fated Duke of Buckingham, whose hasty comment on the extravagance of the tournament is suspected to have been his downfall. The elaborate richness of the costume almost baffles description: the fleecy, floating feathers of the champions, the glitter of arms, the chaste finish of the female portraits, the congregated glories of velvet, ermine, and cloth of gold, and the heraldic emblazonry of arms amidst the freshness of the canopy of foliage, intermingled with artificial leaves and branches—all combine to form a scene of unparalleled splendour and effect.

The picture is by Mr. Thomas Wilmshurst (a pupil of the late Mr. Muss, one of the most distinguished enamel painters of his time), from an original sketch by Mr. R. T. Bone; and as one of the most ingenious labours of the present day, we hope to see it receive all the attention which its very attractive character would lead us to expect.

Spirit of Discovery.

Thickness of a Soap Bubble.

Newton succeeded in determining the thickness of very thin laminæ of transparent substances, by observing the colours which they reflect. A soap bubble is a thin shell of water, and is observed to reflect different colours from different parts of its surface. Immediately before the bubble bursts, a black spot may be observed near the top. At this part the thickness has been proved not to exceed the 2,500,000th of an inch.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia—Treatise on Mechanics, by Capt. H. Kater and Dr. Lardner.*

Why a Horse in the Circus leans to the Centre.

In the equestrian feat exhibited in the ring at the amphitheatre, when the horse moves round with the performer standing on the saddle, both the horse and rider incline continually towards the centre of the ring, and the inclination increases with the velocity of the motion; by this inclination their weights counteract the effect of the centrifugal force.—*Ibid.*

* The lances were hurtless; the points being either removed, or covered with broad pieces of wood, called rockets.

† Holinshed, p. 85.

Gilding of Embroidery—Extreme Divisibility of Matter.

In the manufacture of embroidery it is necessary to obtain very fine gilt silver threads. To accomplish this, a cylindrical bar of silver, weighing 360 ounces, is covered with about two ounces of gold. This gilt bar is then wire-drawn, as in the first example, until it is reduced to a thread so fine that 3,400 feet of it weigh less than an ounce. The wire is then flattened by passing it between rollers under a severe pressure, a process which increases its length, so that about 4,000 feet shall weigh one ounce. Hence, one foot will weigh the 4000th part of an ounce. The proportion of the gold to the silver in the original bar was that of 2 to 360, or 1 to 180. Since the same proportion is preserved after the bar has been wire-drawn, it follows that the quantity of gold which covers one foot of the fine wire is the 180th part of the 4000th of an ounce; that is, the 720,000th part of an ounce.

The quantity of gold which covers one inch of this wire will be twelve times less than that which covers one foot. Hence this quantity will be the 8,640,000th part of an ounce. If this inch be again divided into 100 equal parts, every part will be distinctly visible without the aid of microscopes. The gold which covers this small but visible portion is the 864,000,000th part of an ounce. But we may proceed even further; this portion of the wire may be viewed by a microscope which magnifies 500 times, so that the 500th part of it will thus become visible. In this manner, therefore, an ounce of gold may be divided into 432,000,000,000 parts. Each of these parts will possess all the characters and qualities which are found in the largest masses of the metal. It retains its solidity, texture, and colour; it resists the same agents, and enters into combination with the same substances. If the gilt wire be dipped in nitric acid, the silver within the coating will be dissolved, but the hollow tube of gold which surrounded it will still cohere and remain suspended.—*Ibid.*

The Hare, a Natural Philosopher.

Coursing owes all its interest to the instinctive consciousness of the nature of inertia which seems to govern the measures of the hare. The greyhound is a comparatively heavy body, moving at the same or greater speed in pursuit. The hare *doubles*, that is, suddenly changes the direction of her course and turns back at an oblique angle with the direction in which she had been running.

The greyhound, unable to resist the tendency of its body to persevere in the rapid motion it had acquired, is urged forward many yards before it is able to check its speed and return to the pursuit. Meanwhile the hare is gaining ground in the other direction, so that the animals are at a very considerable distance asunder when the pursuit is recommenced. In this way a hare, though much less fleet than a greyhound, will often escape it.—*Ibid.*

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals

POETICAL PORTRAITS.

"Orient pearls at random strung."

SHAKESPEARE.

His was the wizard spell,
The spirit to enchain:
His grasp o'er nature fell,
Creation own'd his reign.

MILTON.

His spirit was the home
Of aspirations high;
A temple, whose huge dome
Was hidden in the sky.

BYRON.

Black clouds his forehead bound,
And at his feet were flowers.
Mirth, Madness, Magic found
In him their keenest powers.

SCOTT.

He sings, and lo! Romance
Starts from its mouldering urn,
Whilst Chivalry's bright lance
And nodding plumes return.

SPENSER.

Within th' enchanted womb
Of his vast genius, lie
Bright streams and groves, whose gloom
Is lit by Una's eye.

WORDSWORTH.

He hung his harp upon
Philosophy's pure shrine;
And placed by Nature's throne,
Composed each placid line.

WILSON.

His strain, like holy hymn,
Upon the ear doth float,
Or voice of cherubim,
In mountain vale remote.

GRAY.

Soaring on pinions proud,
The lightnings of his eye
Scare the black thunder-cloud,
He passes swiftly by.

BURNS.

He seized his country's lyre,
With ardent grasp and strong;
And made his soul of fire
Dissolve itself in song.

BAILLIE.

The Passions are thy slaves;
In varied guise they roll
Upon the stately waves
Of thy majestic soul.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

In garb of sable hue
Thy soul dwells all alone,
Where the sad drooping yew
Weeps o'er the funeral stone.

HEMANS.

To bid the big tear start,
Unchallenged, from its shrine,
And thrill the quivering heart
With pity's voice, are thine.

TIGHE.

On zephyr's amber wings,
Like thine own Psyche borne,
Thy buoyant spirit springs
To hail the bright-eyed morn.

LONDON.

Romance and high-soul'd Love,
Like two commingling streams,
Glide through the flowery grove
Of thy enchanted dreams.

MOORE.

Crown'd with perennial flowers,
By Wit and Genius wove,
He wanders through the bowers
Of Fancy and of Love.

SOUTHEY.

Where Necromancy flings
O'er Eastern lands her spell,
Sustain'd on Fable's wings,
His spirit loves to dwell.

COLLINS.

Waked into mimic life,
The Passions round him throng,
While the loud "Spartan life"
Thrills through his startling song.

CAMPELL.

With all that Nature's fire
Can lend to polish'd Art,
He strikes his graceful lyre
To thrill or warm the heart.

COLERIDGE.

Magician, whose dread spell,
Working in pale moonlight,
From Superstition's cell
Invokes each satellite!

COWPER.

Religious light is shed
Upon his soul's dark shrine;
And Vice veils o'er her head
At his denouncing line.

YOUNG.

Involved in pall of gloom,
He haunts, with footsteps dread,
The murderer's midnight tomb,
And calls upon the dead.

GRAHAME.

O! when we hear the bell
Of "Sabbath" chiming free,
It strikes us like a knell,
And makes us think of Thee!

W. L. BOWLES.

From Nature's flowery throne
His spirit took its flight,
And moves serenely on
In soft, sad, tender light.

SHELLEY.

A solitary rock
In a far distant sea,
Rent by the thunder's shock,
An emblem stands of Thee!

J. MONTGOMERY.

Upon thy touching strain
Religion's spirit fair,
Falls down like drops of rain,
And blends divinely there.

HOOD.

Clothed in the rainbow's beam,
'Mid strath and pastoral glen,
He sees the fairies gleam,
Far from the haunts of men.

THOMSON.

The Seasons as they roll
Shall bear thy name along;
And graven on the soul
Of Nature, live thy song.

MOIR.

On every gentler scene
That moves the human breast,
Pathetic and serene,
Thine eye delights to rest.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Soft is thy lay--a stream
Meandering calmly by,
Beneath the moon's pale beam
Of sweet Italia's sky.

CHAMBER.

Wouldst thou his pictures know,
Their power--their harrowing truth--
Their scenes of wrath or woe--
Go gaze on hapless "Ruth."

A. CUNNINGHAM.

Tradition's lyre he plays
With firm and skilful hand,
Singing the olden lays
Of his dear native land.

KEATS.

Fair thy young spirit's mould--
Thou from whose heart the streams
Of sweet Elysium roll'd
Over Endymion's dreams.

BLOOMFIELD.

Sweet bard, upon the tomb
In which thine ashes lie,
The simple wildflowers bloom,
Before the ploughman's eye.

HOOD.

Impugn I dare not thee,
For I'm of *pusy* brood:
And thou wouldst punish me
With pungent hardihood.

Blackwood's Magazine.

NOTICES OF THE LIFE OF LORD BYRON
BY MR. MOORE, AND REMARKS ON
THOSE NOTICES BY LADY BYRON.
(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

MR. MOORE'S Life of the noble bard was reviewed in our last number; it must now be reviewed again. Among the literary notices of the New Monthly, I consented to the insertion of a laudatory account of the work; nay, more, I expunged a portion of the manuscript critique, in which Mr. Moore was censured for unfairness towards Lady Byron. This I did from unwillingness to blame my friend Mr. Moore, and from having scarcely dipped into the censured parts of the book. Besides, I did not then believe Lady Byron to be so perfectly justifiable in the separation as I now know her to be. Such were the circumstances under which I circulated among thousands the little warranty of my approbation of a work, which I find, on closer inspection, to be one of the most injudicious books that was ever published. But since that time, the state of circumstances has wholly changed. Lady Byron has spoken out. As her friend, I could not keep my mind quiet about her feelings under this ill-starred resuscitation of the question con-

cerning her. I consulted several of her friends, and it was their joint opinion, that since the ice of reserve had been broken by Lord Byron's biographer on the luckless topic, it would be the duty of some one of her friends to say in answer to Mr. Moore something more than Lady Byron could with propriety say for herself. A female friend offered to do this, and she would have probably done it better than I can. But I could not be such a craven as to let a woman come forward in my place. I went to Lady Byron for such general circumstances of truth as might not involve her in accusing Lord Byron. For more particular facts respecting the separation, I applied to a different, but perfectly authentic, quarter, and there I learnt a few facts, which, though my readers need not fear that I shall inflict them on their delicacy, suffice to convince me that Lady Byron was justified in the parting by circumstances, which Lord Byron had either forgot, or "*with all his manly candour,*" had failed to state to Mr. Moore.

My plainness in speaking of Mr. Moore is a compliment to his importance and popularity, which would make a weak or timid remonstrance incapable of reaching him. My interest in a suffering woman needs no apology.

I found my right to speak on this painful subject on its now *irrevocable publicity*, brought up afresh, as it has been by Mr. Moore, to be the theme of discourse to millions; and, if I err not much, the cause of misconception to innumerable minds. I claim to speak of Lady Byron in the right of a man, and of a friend to the rights of woman, and to liberty, and to natural religion. I claim a right, more especially, as one of the many friends of Lady Byron, who, one and all, feel aggrieved by this production. It has virtually dragged her forward from the shade of retirement, where she had hid her sorrows, and compelled her to defend the heads of her friends and her parents from being crushed under the tombstone of Byron. Nay, in a general view, it has forced her to defend *herself*; though with her true sense, and her pure taste, she stands above all special pleading. To plenary explanation she *ought* not—she never *shall* be driven. Mr. Moore is too much a gentleman not to shudder at the thought of that; but if other Byronists, of a far different stamp, were to force the savage ordeal, it is her enemies, and not she, that would have to dread the burning ploughshares.

We, her friends, have no wish to pro-

long the discussion; but a few words we *must* add, even to her admirable statement—for her's is a cause not only dear to her friends, but having become, from Mr. Moore and her misfortunes, a publicly agitated cause, it concerns morality, and the most sacred rights of the sex, that she should (and that, too, without more special explanations), be acquitted out and out, and honourably acquitted in this business, of all share in the blame, which is one and indivisible. Mr. Moore, on farther reflection, may see this, and his return to candour will surprise us less than his momentary deviation from its path.

For the tact of Mr. Moore's conduct in this affair, I have not to answer; but, if indelicacy be charged upon me, I scorn the charge. Neither will I submit to be called Lord Byron's accuser—because a word against him I wish not to say, beyond what is painfully wrong from me by the necessity of owning or illustrating Lady Byron's unblamableness, and of repelling certain misconceptions respecting her, which are now walking the fashionable world; and which have been fostered, (though Heaven knows where they were born) most delicately and warily by the Christian godfatherhood of Mr. Moore.

I write not at Lady Byron's bidding—I have never humiliated either her or myself by asking *if* I should write—or *what* I should write—that is to say, I never applied to her for information against Lord Byron, though I was justified, as one intending to criticise Mr. Moore, to inquire into the truth of some of his statements. Neither will I suffer myself to be called her champion, if by that word be meant the advocate of her mere legal innocence, for that, I take it, nobody questions. Still less is it from the sorry impulse of pity that I speak of this noble woman, for I look with wonder and even envy at the proud purity of her sense and conscience, that have carried her exquisite sensibilities in triumph through such poignant tribulations. But I am proud to be called her friend—the humble illustrator of her cause, and the advocate of those principles which make it to me more interesting than Lord Byron's. Lady Byron (if the subject must be discussed) belongs to sentiment and morality—at least as much as Lord Byron—nor is she to be suffered, when compelled to speak, to raise her voice as in a desert with no friendly voice to respond to her. Lady Byron could not have outlived her sufferings, if she had not wound up her fortitude to the high point of trusting mainly for consolation,

not to the opinion of the world, but to her own inward peace; and having said what ought to convince the world, I verily believe that she has less care about the fashionable opinion respecting her than any of her friends can have. But we, her friends, mix with the world, and we hear offensive absurdities about her which we have a right to put down.

What Lady Byron professes to be her main aim in her *Remarks on the Life of her Husband*, it seems to me that she very clearly accomplishes. I am not sure that I should feel my esteem for Byron, or for any man, much enhanced by finding that a foolish relative or two could sever from him a wife once dotingly fond of him. But we have not a titlle of fair evidence against this pack of —, as his lordship politely calls them; and, to throw the blame on her parents is proved ridiculous by Dr. Lushington's letter, for it shows that the deepest cause, or causes, of the separation were not imparted to her parents. I dismiss, therefore, this hinted plea of palliation with contempt.

I proceed to deal more generally with Mr. Moore's book.—You speak, Mr. Moore, against Lord Byron's censurers in a tone of indignation which is perfectly lawful towards calumnious traducers, but which will not terrify me, or any other man of courage, who is no calumniator, from uttering his mind freely with regard to this part of your hero's conduct. I think your whole theory about the unmarriedness of genius a twaddling little hint for a compliment to yourself, and a theory refuted by the wedded lives of Scott and Flaxman. I question your philosophy in assuming that all that is noble in Byron's poetry was inconsistent with the possibility of his being devoted to a pure and good woman—and I repudiate your morality for canting too complacently about "the lava of his imagination," and the unsettled fever of his passions being any excuses for his planting the *tic douloureux* of domestic suffering in a meek woman's bosom. These are hard words, Mr. Moore, but you have brought them on yourself by your voluntary ignorance of facts known to me—for you might, and ought to have known both sides of the question, and if the subject was too delicate for you to consult Lady Byron's confidential friends, you ought to have had nothing to do with the subject. But you cannot have submitted your book even to Lord Byron's sister, otherwise she would have set you right about the imaginary spy, Mrs. Clermont.

Hence arose your misconceptions,

which are so numerous, that having applied to Lady Byron (you will please to observe that I applied not for facts against Lord Byron, for these I got elsewhere, but for an estimate of the correctness of *your* statements), I received the following letter from her ladyship:

"Dear Mr. Campbell,—In taking up my pen to point out for your private information those passages in Mr. Moore's representation of my part of the story which were open to contradiction, I find them of still greater extent than I had supposed—and to deny an assertion *here and there* would virtually admit the truth of the rest.—If, on the contrary, I were to enter into a full exposure of the falsehood of the views taken by Mr. Moore, I must detail various matters, which, consistently with my principles and feelings, I cannot under the existing circumstances disclose. I may, perhaps, convince you better of the difficulty of the case by an example.—*'It is not true that pecuniary embarrassments were the cause of the disturbed state of Lord Byron's mind, or formed the chief reason for the arrangements made by him at that time. But is it reasonable for me to expect that you, or any one else, should believe this, unless I show you what were the causes in question? and this I cannot do.'* I am, &c. &c.—E. NOEL BYRON."

Excellent woman! honoured by all who know her, and injured only by those who know her not, I will believe her on her own testimony.

What I regret most in Mr. Moore's *Life of Lord Byron* is, that he had in his own hands the only pure means of serving Lord Byron's character—which was his lordship's own touching confession, and that he has thrown away the said means by garnishing that fair confession with unfair attempts at blaming others. In Letter 235, Lord Byron takes all the blame on himself. *The fault, he says, was not, no, nor even the misfortune, in my choice, (unless in choosing at all), but I must say it in the very dregs of all this bitter business, that there never was a better, or even a kinder or more amiable and agreeable being than Lady Byron. I never had, nor ever can have any reproach to make her while with me.* Now nothing in Lord Byron's poetry is finer than this. But why, Mr. Moore, have you frozen the effect of this melting candour by dishing up the inconsistencies of Lord Byron on the same subject, and by showing

* I had not time to ask Lady Byron's permission to print this private letter, but it seemed to me important, and I have published it *meo periculo*.

your own ungallant indifference to the thus acquitted Lady Byron? In the name of both of them I reprove you. Byron confesses, but you try to explain away his confession; and by your hints at spies, unsuitableness, &c. you dirty and puddle the holy water of acknowledgement that alone will wash away the poor penitent man's transgressions. You resort to Byron's letter to Mr. Rogers for the means of inculcating Lady Byron and her friends, as blamers of Lord Byron. But *they* never said more than that Lord Byron's temper was intolerable to Lady Byron. That was true, and they never circulated any calumnies against him.

There is equal injustice in the allusion to Lord Byron having been ever surrounded by spies. What spy was near him? The only person denounced in that odious capacity by Lord Byron himself was Mrs. Clermont; and what was the fact with regard to her? If Mrs. Clermont was a spy, surely the last person in the world to have acquitted her would have been Mrs. Leigh, the sister of Lord Byron; but I have in my possession the authentic copy of a letter from Mrs. Leigh to the same Mrs. Clermont, earnestly acquitting her of the calumny, and offering even public testimony to her (Mrs. Clermont's) tenderness and forbearance (I copy Mrs. Leigh's words) under circumstances that must have been trying to any friend of Lady Byron. Another unworthy expression of Mr. Moore's is that of calling Lord Byron "*a deserted husband*." Let him read Lady Byron's remarks, and blot out this absurdity from his volume. Dr. Lushington, versed in the harshest cases of justifiable separation, and bound to admit none of a slight nature, thought that it was impossible she could live with him.

You should have paused, Mr. Moore, before you compelled any friend of Lady Byron to bring out this truth.

It is a farther mistake on Mr. Moore's part, and I can prove it to be so, if proof be necessary, to represent Lady Byron, in the course of their courtship, as one inviting her future husband to correspondence by letters, after she had at first refused him. She never proposed a correspondence. On the contrary, he sent her a message, after that first refusal, stating that he meant to go abroad, and to travel for some years in the East; that he should depart with a heart aching, but not angry; and that he only begged a verbal assurance that she had still some interest in his happiness. Could Miss Milbank, as a well-bred

woman, refuse a courteous answer to such a message? She sent him a verbal answer, which was merely kind and becoming, but which signified no encouragement that he should renew his offer of marriage. After that message, he wrote to her a most interesting letter about himself—about his views, personal, moral, and religious, to which it would have been uncharitable not to have replied. The result was an insensibly increasing correspondence which ended in her being devotedly attached to him. About that time, I occasionally saw Lord Byron, and though I knew less of him than Mr. Moore, yet I suspect I knew as much of him as Miss Milbank then knew. At that time, he was so pleasing, that if I had a daughter with ample fortune and beauty, I should have trusted her in marriage with Lord Byron.

Mr. Moore at that period evidently understood Lord Byron better than either his future bride, or myself; but this speaks more for Mr. Moore's shrewdness, than for Byron's ingenuousness of character.

It is another improper insinuation, when Mr. Moore hints at a resemblance between the first wife of Milton and the widow of Byron. The parallel is disgustingly unfair. Of Milton's married life we know not much; but, upon the whole, it is clear that his wife could not have got two honourable men to justify her departure. She went away from him, to all appearance, in rashness, and returned, for her own convenience, in repentance. Lady Byron acted no such part. Produce on Mrs. Milton's part a Dr. Lushington to speak for her, and we will meet you in the parallel: but beware of the ploughshare!

It is more for Lord Byron's sake than for his widow's, that I resort not to a more special examination of Mr. Moore's misconceptions. The subject would lead me insensibly into hateful disclosures against poor Lord Byron, who is more unfortunate in his rash defenders, than his reluctant accusers. Happily his own candour turns our hostility from himself against his defenders. It was only in wayward and bitter remarks that he misrepresented Lady Byron. He would have defended himself irresistibly if Mr. Moore had left only his acknowledging passages. But Mr. Moore has produced a Life of him which reflects blame on Lady Byron—so dexterously that more is meant than meets the ear. The almost universal impression produced by his book is, that Lady Byron must be a precise, and a wan unwarm-

ing spirit—a blue stocking of chilblained learning, a piece of insensitive goodness. Who that knows Lady Byron, will not pronounce her to be every thing the reverse? Will it be believed that this person, so unsuitably matched to her moody lord, has written verses that would do no discredit to Byron himself—that her sensitiveness is surpassed and bounded only by her good sense, and that she is

Blest with a temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.

She brought to Lord Byron, beauty, manners, fortune, meekness, romantic affection, and every thing that ought to have made her to the most transcendent man of genius—*had he been what he should have been*—his pride and his idol. I speak not of Lady Byron in the common-place manner of attesting character, I appeal to the gifted Mrs. Siddons, and Joanna Baillie, to Lady Charlemont, and to other ornaments of their sex, whether I am exaggerating in the least when I say, that in their whole lives they have seen few beings so intellectual and well tempered, as Lady Byron. I wish to be as ingenuous as possible in speaking of her. Her manner, I have no hesitation to say, is cool at the first interview, but it is modestly, and not insolently cool: she contracted it, I believe, from being exposed by her beauty and large fortune in youth, to numbers of suitors, whom she could not have otherwise kept at a distance. But this manner could have had no influence with Lord Byron, for it vanishes on nearer acquaintance, and has no origin in coldness. All her friends like her frankness the better for being preceded by this reserve. This manner, however, though not the slightest apology for Lord Byron, has been inimical to Lady Byron in her misfortunes. It endears her to her friends, but it piques the indifferent. Most odiously unjust, therefore, is Mr. Moore's assertion, that she has had the advantage of Lord Byron in public opinion. She is, comparatively speaking, unknown to the world; for though she has many friends, that is, a friend in every one who knows her, yet her pride, and purity, and misfortunes, naturally contract the circle of her acquaintance. There is something exquisitely unjust in Mr. Moore comparing her chance of popularity with Lord Byron's; the poet who can command men of talents, putting even Mr. Moore into the livery of his service, and who has suborned the favour of almost all women by the beauty of his person and the voluptuousness of

his verses. Lady Byron has nothing to oppose to these fascinations but the truth and justice of her cause.

The true way of bringing off Byron from this question of his conjugal unhappiness would be his own way, namely, to acknowledge frankly this one, and, perhaps, the only one great error of his life. Acknowledge it, and after all, what a space is still left in our minds for allowance and charity, and even for admiration of him! All men, as they are frail and fallible beings, are concerned in palliating his fault—to a certain degree they are concerned; though if you reduce the standard of duty too low, the meanest man may justly refuse to sympathize with your apology for a bad husband, and disdain to take the benefit of an insolvent act in favour of debtors to morality. But pay the due homage to moral principle, frankly own that the child of genius is, in this particular, not to be defended—abstain from absolving Byron on false grounds, and you will do him more good than by idle attempts at justification. Above all, keep off your sentimental mummeries from the hallowed precincts of his widow's character. There, Mr. Moore, you must not fish for compliments, or poach for the pathetic.—Byron acquitted at Lady Byron's expense, can be taken home to no honest heart's sympathy, though there is no saying how much the heart yearns to forgive him when there is no sophistry used in his defence.

You said, Mr. Moore, that Lady Byron was unsuitable to her Lord—the word is cunningly insidious, and may mean as much or as little as may suit your convenience. But if she was unsuitable, I remark that it tells all the worse against Lord Byron. I have not read it in your book, for I hate to wade through it; but they tell me, that you have not only warily depreciated Lady Byron, but that you have described a lady that would have suited him. If this be true, it is the unkindest cut of all—to hold up a florid description of a woman suitable to Lord Byron, as if in mockery over the forlorn flower of Virtue, that was drooping in the solitude of sorrow. But I trust there is no such passage in your book. Surely you must be conscious of your woman, with her “*virtue loose about her, who would have suited Lord Byron*,” to be as imaginary a being as the woman without a head.—A woman to suit Lord Byron!!!—Poo! poo! I could paint to you the woman that could have *matched* him, if I had not bargained to say as little as possible against him.

If Lady Byron was not suitable to Lord Byron, so much the worse for his lordship; for let me tell you Mr. Moore, that neither your poetry, nor Lord Byron's, nor all our poetry put together, ever delineated a more interesting being than the woman whom you have so coldly treated. This was not kicking the dead lion, but wounding the living lamb, who was already bleeding and shorn even unto the quick. I know that, collectively speaking, the world is in Lady Byron's favour; but it is coldly favourable, and you have not warmed its breath. Time, however, cures every thing; and even your book, Mr. Moore, may be the means of Lady Byron's character being better appreciated.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE FORSAKEN TO THE FALSE ONE.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I DARE thee to forget me! go wander where thou wilt,
Thy hand upon the vessel's helm, or on the
saber's hilt;
Away, thou'rt free, o'er land and sea, go rush
to danger's brink!
But oh, thou canst not fly from thought, thy
curse will be—to think!

Remember me, remember all—my long-enduring
love,
That link'd itself to perfidy; the vulture and
the dove!
Remember in thy utmost need, I never once
did shrink,
But clung to thee confidingly; thy curse shall
be—to think!

Then go, *that* thought will render thee a dastard
in the fight,
That thought, when thou art tempest-tost, will
fill thee with affright;
In some vile dungeon mayst thou lie, and,
counting each cold link
That binds thee to captivity, thy curse shall be
—to think!

Go, seek the merry banquet-hall, where younger
maidens bloom,
The thought of me shall make thee *there* endure
a deeper gloom;
That thought shall turn the festive cup to poison
while you drink,
And while false smiles are on thy cheek, thy
curse will be—to think!

Forget me, false one, *hope* it not! When min-
strels touch the string,
The memory of other days will gall thee while
they sing;
The airs I used to love will make thy coward
conscience shrink,
Ay, ev'ry note will have its sting—thy curse
will be—to think!

Forget me! No, *that* shall not be! I'll haunt
thee in thy sleep,
In dreams thou'lt cling to slimy rocks that over-
hang the deep:
Thou'lt shriek for aid! my feeble arm shall burl
thee from the brink,
And when thou wak'st in wild dismay, thy curse
will be—to think!

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Selector;

AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

STRANGE ADVENTURE IN MEXICO.

THE following most strange subaqueous adventure was related to Mr. Hardy, during his recent *Travels in Mexico* :—

"The Placer de la Piedra negada, which is near Loréto, was supposed to have quantities of very large pearl-oysters round it—a supposition which was at once confirmed by the great difficulty of finding this sunken rock. Don Pablo, however, succeeded in sounding it, and, in search of specimens of the largest and oldest shells, dived down in eleven fathoms water. The rock is not above one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in circumference; and our adventurer swam round and examined it in all directions, but without meeting any inducement to prolong his stay. Accordingly, being satisfied that there were no oysters, he thought of ascending to the surface of the water; but first he cast a look upwards, as all divers are obliged to do, who hope to avoid the hungry jaws of a monster. If the coast is clear, they may then rise without apprehension. Don Pablo, however, when he cast a hasty glance upwards, found that a tinteréro, had taken a station about three or four yards immediately above him, and most probably, had been watching during the whole time that he had been down. A double-pointed stick is a useless weapon against a tinteréro, as its mouth is of such enormous dimensions, that both man and stick would be swallowed together. He, therefore, felt himself rather nervous, as his retreat was now completely intercepted. But, under water, time is too great an object to be spent in reflection, and therefore he swam round to another part of the rock, hoping by this means to avoid the vigilance of his persecutor. What was his dismay, when he again looked up, to find the pertinacious tinteréro still hovering over him, as a hawk would follow a bird! He described him as having large, round, and inflamed eyes, apparently just ready to dart from their sockets with eagerness, and a mouth (at the recollection of which he still shuddered) that was continually opening and shutting, as if the monster was already, in imagination, devouring his victim, or at least that the contemplation of his prey imparted a foretaste of the *god!* Two alternatives now presented themselves to the mind of Don

Pablo—one, to suffer himself to be drowned, the other to be eaten. He had already been under water so considerable a time, that he found it impossible any longer to retain his breath, and was on the point of giving himself up for lost, with as much philosophy as he possessed. But what is dearer than life?—The invention of man is seldom at a loss to find expedients for its preservation in cases of great extremity. On a sudden he recollected, that on one side of the rock he had observed a sandy spot, and to this he swam with all imaginable speed; his attentive friend still watching his movements, and keeping a measured pace with them. As soon as he reached the spot, he commenced stirring it with his pointed stick, in such a way that the fine particles rose, and rendered the water perfectly turbid, so that he could not see the monster, or the monster him. Availing himself of the cloud, by which himself and the tinteréro were enveloped, he swam very far out in a transversal direction, and reached the surface in safety, although completely exhausted. Fortunately, he rose close to one of the boats; and those who were within seeing him in such a state, and knowing that an enemy must have been persecuting him, and that, by some artifice, he had saved his life, jumped overboard, as is their common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing in the water; and Don Pablo was taken into the boat more dead than alive."

CANNIBALISM.

SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES, in one of his letters, relates the following horrible account of the Battas, a people of Sumatra:—

"I have said the Battas are not a bad people, and I still think so, notwithstanding they eat one another, and relish the flesh of a man better than that of an ox or a pig. You must merely consider that I am giving you an account of a novel state of society. The Battas are not savages, for they write and read, and think full as much, or more, than those who are brought up at our Lancastrian and national schools. They have also codes of laws of great antiquity; and it is from a regard for those laws, and a veneration for the institutions of their ancestors, that they eat each other. The law declares, that for certain crimes, four in number, the criminals shall be eaten *alive*! The same law declares also, that in great wars—that is to say, one district with

another—it shall be lawful to eat the prisoners, whether taken alive, dead, or in their graves. In the four great cases of crimes, the criminal is also duly tried and condemned by a competent tribunal. When the evidence is heard, sentence is pronounced, when the chiefs drink a dram each, which last ceremony is equivalent to signing and sealing with us. Two or three days then elapse to give time for assembling the people; and in cases of adultery it is not allowed to carry the sentence into effect, unless the relations of the wife appear and partake of the feast. The prisoner is then brought forward on the day appointed, and fixed to a stake with his hands extended. The husband, or party injured, comes up and takes the first choice, generally the ears; the rest then, according to their rank, take the choice pieces, each helping himself according to his liking. After all have partaken, the chief person goes up and cuts off the head, which he carries home as a trophy. The head is hung up in front of the house, and the brains are carefully preserved in a bottle for purposes of witchcraft, &c. In devouring the flesh, it is sometimes eaten raw and sometimes grilled, but it must be eaten upon the spot. Limes, salt, and pepper, are always in readiness, and they sometimes eat rice with the flesh, but never drink toddy or spirits. Many carry bamboos with them, and, filling them with blood, drink it off. The assembly consists of men alone, as the flesh of man is prohibited to the females: it is said, however, that they get a bit by stealth now and then.

"I am assured, and *really* do believe, that many of the people prefer human flesh to any other; but, notwithstanding this *penchant*, they never indulge the appetite except on lawful occasions. The palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet, are the delicacies of epicures! On expressing my surprise at the continuance of such extraordinary practices, I was informed that formerly it was usual for the people to eat their parents when too old for work. The old people selected the horizontal branch of a tree, and quietly suspended themselves by their hands, while their children and neighbours, forming a circle, danced round them, crying out, 'When the fruit is ripe, then it will fall.' This practice took place during the season of limes, when salt and pepper were plenty; and as soon as the victims became fatigued, and could hold on no longer, they fell down, when all hands cut them up, and made a hearty meal of them.

This practice, however, of eating the old people has been abandoned, and thus a step in civilization has been attained, and, therefore, there are hopes of future improvement. This state of society you will admit to be very peculiar. It is calculated, that certainly not less than from sixty to one hundred Battas are thus eaten in a year, in times of peace.”*

* It must be observed, that Sir Stamford did not himself witness the ceremony of eating a living human being—ocular proof by an European appears to be still wanting; but from the most intelligent of the Batta chiefs, assembled in presence of Mr. Prince and Dr. Jack, he obtained information, of the truth of which none of them had the least doubt—nor have we. We must, however, confess we are somewhat sceptical about the choice of the tit-bits—the ears, the palms of the hands and feet, &c. The hanging up of the old people on branches of trees to let them grow tender is merely traditional: but of the main fact there cannot exist a doubt.—*Quarterly Review.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.

SHAKESPEARE.

LORD NORTH.

I HAVE been told, from very good authority, that Lord North was once discovered among the crowd at the window of a caricature shop, staring at one of the graphic libels upon himself. He was represented in a ludicrous attitude, bidding the leaders of Opposition do homage to his person by the most abject of all possible salutations. No premier but Lord North—so unpopular as he then was, as a minister, but so amiable in private life—so totally unaffected, and devoid of all the pomposities of a high office—would have thrust himself, in such times, into a mob, to gape at satires on the government. Soon finding, however, that he was recognised by those nearest to him, who began to titter, he made his retreat, though by no means in confusion, saying with a good-humoured laugh to the bystanders, as he turned his back to depart, ‘Don’t you think, gentlemen, it is very like?’

In the same careless spirit of forgetting a statesman’s gravity, and yielding to the idlest ebullitions of a humorous and playful mind, he one day walked into the china and glass-shop, so well known for many years in New Bond-street, over the door of which was written in capitals, FOG AND SON. ‘Sir,’ said Lord North to the tradesman, whose customer he was, ‘this is a very extraordinary coalition of yours, and cannot be expected to last—for either Fog banishes Sun, or Sun expels Fog, and in both cases there is an

end of the partnership!’ His lordship little thought then that he should enter into a coalition much more extraordinary than that of the dealer in glass and china.—*Cotman’s Random Records.*

MR. COBBETT’S CHARACTERISTICS,

By Himself.

THOUGH I never attempt to put forth that sort of stuff which the “intense” people on the other side of St. George’s Channel call “eloquence,” I bring out strings of very interesting facts; I use pretty powerful arguments; and I hammer them down so closely upon the mind, that they seldom fail to produce a lasting impression.

BURY ST. EDMUND’S.

To conclude an account of Suffolk, and not to sing the praises of Bury St. Edmund’s, would offend every creature of Suffolk birth: even at Ipswich, when I was praising *that place*, the very people of that town asked me if I did not think *Bury St. Edmund’s the nicest town in the world*. Meet them wherever you will, they have all the same boast; and indeed, as a town *in itself*, it is the neatest place that ever was seen.

Cobbett.

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The plan of this Work (the printing of which is nearly completed) differs essentially from previous works addressed to the same valuable class of readers. It contains the Every-day Duties of each Servant in a large establishment, conveyed in the fewest possible words, consistent with clearness: it, indeed, comprehends the business of every house; but its distinguished feature is its novel arrangement, compared with other works of similar pretension. Most of these are from the experience of *one person*, or the author: but the *Servants’ Guide* aims at combining the most valuable suggestions of others, with the author’s own testimony and knowledge of the subject. For this purpose he has for several months past been employed in obtaining, from authentic and valuable works, every new fact or discovery which is at all connected with Domestic Economy: and by this means he has collected a larger, and more various body of facts, than has ever appeared in one small volume. The *Servants’ Guide* is, therefore, from the latest as well as the best authorities; and not only a useful book for young Servants, but an interesting work for upper Servants: in short, it comprises, as nearly as possible, every thing that a Servant is expected to know in these days of universal education and improvement. It will be cheap, and consequently within the reach of all classes.

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